

# Daniell

and Sons.

**SPECIALS**

Friday and Saturday,  
Two Hundred Dozen  
FANCY  
Silk Neckwear,  
IN  
Tecks,  
Four-in-Hands,  
Band-Bows,  
Also Wash Ties.  
ALL REDUCED TO  
25c. each; worth 50c.  
A LARGE LOT OF ODD  
Negligee Shirts,  
REDUCED FROM 90c. and \$1.25,  
TO CLOSE AT  
50c. each.

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**THE COOLEST PLACE ON THE BAY!**  
Cheapest Escapes—  
**Buffalo Bill's Wild West**  
and CONGRESS OF ROUGH  
RIDERS OF THE WORLD.  
MONT DIRECT LIVERY FROM NEW YORK  
to camp gates is by 30th st. ferry, foot of W. 30th  
hall st. Battery. FARE 5 CENTS.

**Twice Daily, Ham or Shine, 3 and 8.45 P.M.**

**DOODS OFF AT 1 AND 8 P.M.**  
All roads lead here. No other place has  
flour, Walt, Fulton, 2nd st. and other Perfor-  
make connections direct to gates.  
Admission 50c. Grand Plaza, 1st  
cents and 1¢ .20, 90 seats. Popular restaurants  
a feature.

**NEW HAGENBECK ARENA.**  
**MANNATTEN BEACH.**

**HAGENBECK'S ANIMALS**  
3 PERFORMANCES DAILY, 2:30 and 6:30  
MONKEY PARADISE AND MENAGERIE  
OPEN FROM 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. Adm. 10c

**KOSTER & BIAL'S, ADM. 50c**  
MUSIC HALL AND ROOF GARDEN  
ADMISSION TO BOTH 50 CENTS.  
FIRST SERIES  
LIVING PICTURES  
VAUDEVILLE, SPECIALTIES, NOVELTIES

**EDEN MUSEE, WORLD IN WALL**  
OPEN FROM 11 TO 11  
NOW ON EXHIBITION, The late  
**PRESIDENT CARNOT**  
LIVING IN STATE

**CENTRAL**  
Opera-House  
Roof Garden New Opera  
House, HAGENBECK'S BEES.

**PROCTOR'S.** ALL DAY TO 10.30 P. M.  
(Opera, Vaudeville, 25c, 50c.)  
LIVING PICTURES **JEAN**

**THEISS'S** 14TH ST. MUSIC HALL  
AND ALHAMBRA CO.  
134 and 136 East 14th st., near 3d ave.  
**THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION**

[illegible]

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"I have waited so long that I ventured to think that perhaps at last he would turn to himself, and with an effort turning his thoughts elsewhere—" "I am late, sister. I must catch up my work. Have you anything for me to-night?"

"Will you sign No. 7's paper? Tom would be very superficial, and Mr. Jones discharged him this morning." "I shall sign it, of course."

"I must speak to him first; he may be able to tell me something more," and he turned towards No. 7, sitting by the fire, and for the first time he looked him in the face—the first time for five years rather; for I saw Dr. Freston pause, as if transfixed, and the next moment was gone with his brother's side.

"Jack!" he said, "Jack!" and could say another word.

But that was all he had to say. Jack had been the thought of his life, night and day, for five years. And now Jack was there, and he held him fast, while his heart throbbed with a tumultuous and again, until he could realize that this was no dream, but rather the awakening to a better and happier life than he had known before. Jack said nothing at all.

For one moment he had looked around as if he could not escape; but if he would he could not. And what was he to do? He was two, four and six and mercurial could he hope to meet the warm welcome which strove to find utterance in his brother's happy eyes, which glowed on the ragged figure before him as if he could never look enough?

That is all the tale. It gave the poets something to talk about for a hundred years, and was then forgotten—the ward, at least.

But there are three people from whose memories no word or act recorded here can ever be effaced. Need I name them? They are Dr. Freston, Jack, his brother and myself, Tom Freston's wife—Chicago Mail.